

Dr. Charles Terrell, of Eastview, Va., recently shot a quail, the plumage of which was pure white. A white quail is about as rare a sight as a blue monkey.

The Mississippi River has been so low the past year that steamboat men have found it very difficult of navigation, and are almost ready to abandon water transportation from St. Louis south.

There is no limit to the morbid curiosity of some people, as evidenced by the fact that a showman has offered \$10,000 for the body of Lingg, the dead Chicago anarchist, for exhibition purposes.

It is regarded as a remarkable fact that the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage dictates his sermons to his secretary at the rate of 150 words a minutes. These sermons are read weekly by millions of people in this country and abroad.

It is estimated that pin factories in England turn out 10,800,000,000 pins yearly, and that other factories in the Union bring the number up to 18,000,000,000. This is equal to about one pin a day for every inhabitant in the United States.

The London firemen are about to be uniformed for duty in asbestos cloth, a material which has already been adopted by the Paris fire brigade with satisfactory results. Equipped in this incomparable apparel, the fireman is practically master of the flames.

Paper, like electricity, has not begun to reach the end of its rope. Paper bottles are among the novelties. These are lighter than glass bottles and less liable to break. The time may come when a large portion of the ordinary articles of the household will be made out of paper.

A Chicago paper recalls an extraordinary piece of account work performed by Cashier Henrotin, of the Merchant's Loan and Trust Company, just after the big fire. The books of the banks were entirely destroyed by the flames, but with no data except the pass-books of the depositors and his memory Mr. Henrotin restored all of the 1,500 accounts so successfully that every depositor was satisfied. The feat has never been paralleled.

Pasteur's method of inoculation has been simplified by a Hungarian physician. Instead of taking the spinal cord of an infected rabbit and attenuating its poison by drying, Dr. Hoegyes takes the spinal cord, rubs it up with water containing chloride of sodium, of which a solution of any strength can be made. The dog is then immersed in this solution, and after five or six immersions in the bath secures "complete immunity from rabies."

This is not the first period in the world's history when great men have lived to ripe old age. George Washington was not far from three score and ten when he died; and his great antagonist, George III., died at the age of 82. Thomas Jefferson lived to be 83, and Madison to be 85. A large number of the men who have played leading parts in building up our country, from the Revolution until this time, have enjoyed many years of life.

The year 1887 was one of almost unprecedented railroad construction and earnings. According to the *Railway Age* nearly 13,000 miles of road were built, at an expense of about \$325,000,000, or \$25,000 per mile. Five hundred and forty-five million tons of freight were moved, and from month to month the reports of earnings have shown steadily increasing figures over the corresponding period of the previous year, which was also a year of favorable earnings.

A Boston woman of brains has invented a new way of making herself useful and making money at the same time. She studies the newspapers, posts herself on what is going on in the world, uses the scissors freely, pastes, writes, and revises carefully until she has a condensed digest of the live topics of the day. This she reads to a class of wealthy women, who pay her well for furnishing them with information concerning what they ought to be able to talk intelligently about.

What startling results one finds in our railway statistics! We have 340,000 miles of tracks—enough to girdle the earth a dozen times, with several thousand miles left for side-tracks. More than half of these lines were laid down at a cost of \$6,000,000,000—enough to pay the public debt four times over. There are 30,000 engines, 50,000 passenger coaches, and a million freight cars, and over 4,000 patents have been taken out for inventions in railway machinery and appliances. Every year 300,000,000 tons of freight are carried. For moving this freight the companies receive an average of 1.29 cents per ton per mile, and for each passenger carried they get 2.51 cents per mile. It requires a half-million employees to run all these roads. And yet it was only fifty-six years ago that Peter Cooper ran the first steam car from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills at the unparalleled speed of a mile in every four and a third minutes!

#### A SKATING SONG.

Skate, skate, skate,  
Early and late,  
While the ice is sparkling and strong;  
And the air is gay,  
In its winter array,  
As in summer with flower and song;  
With the laugh and the shout,  
And the dazzling quick rout,  
And the musical click of the skate.

Skate, skate, skate,  
Keep your knees straight,  
And your arms from a windmill sprawl;  
For the "outer roll,"  
And the firm "cross roll"  
Strike out, with no fear of a fall;  
With the head quite upright,  
And with grace and delight,  
And the rhythmic glide of the skate.

Skate, skate, skate,  
The "figure eight,"  
And the "figure three" in both ways;  
And the "double three,"  
Back and forward free,  
And "loop" in its serpentine maze;  
With the laugh and the shout,  
And the dazzling quick rout,  
And the musical click of the skate.

—Laura Stanford, in *Independent*.

#### WINNIE'S FORTUNE.

The handsome dining room in the Mayberry mansion was all a-glow with floods of gaslight and the genial glow of the fire—for Mr. Josiah Mayberry was a very "queer man," according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have nasty, ashy fires all over the splendid manor before the weather became cold enough was one of his "eccentric freaks." Mrs. Mayberry called it, with a curl of her lip, a toss of the head and smile, almost of contempt, directed at the haughty, honest-faced old gentleman who had married her for her pretty face ten years ago, when he was an immensely rich widower, with his handsome half-grown son for a not undesirable encumbrance.

They were sitting around the handsome table, discussing the seven o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler and his subordinate in silent, obsequious attention—these three Mayberrys, father, son and the haughty, well-dressed lady who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to restrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger while the servants were in waiting, and which, as the door finally closed on them, leaving the little party alone, burst forth impetuously:

"I declare, Mr. Mayberry, it is too bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think there is not one—no, not one—of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people as you have named!"

Mr. Mayberry sipped his wine contentedly.

"I told you, didn't I, Marguerite, that it was my intention to give an old-fashioned dinner? And by that I meant, and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be cause for thankfulness. As to making a grand fuss, and seeing around our table only the people to whom a luxurious dinner is an every-day occurrence—I shall not do it. And as to the guests on my list being 'horrid' and 'common,' you are mistaken, my dear. None of them have a worse failing than poverty. There is not a 'common,' 'n'gar person among the ten names on that paper."

Mr. Mayberry's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Ernest Mayberry's handsome face reflected the satisfaction and pride he felt in his father's views.

Mrs. Mayberry flushed, but said nothing.

She knew from experience that kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when he suffered no appeal from his decision. And this was one of those times.

"We will have dinner ordered for 12 o'clock, as it used to be when I was a boy. We will have roast turkey with cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes and turnips, boiled onions and celery, and all on the table at once. For dessert, pie and cheese and nothing more. Marguerite, shall I give the order to Lorton, or will you attend to it?"

Mr. Mayberry twisted her diamond ring almost roughly.

"Oh, don't ask me to give such an insane order to him. I have no wish to appear as a laughing stock before my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will be as severe a strain on my endurance as I am capable of to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hunds and the Masons, and that Thyrza Green and her lame brother, and that little old Maybenton and his granddaughter, and—"

Mr. Mayberry interrupted her gently:

"Old Mr. Wilmington was a friend of mine long before he went to India. Since he came home with his son's infant daughter and lived in such obscurity—comfortable, although plain, for Winnie earns enough as daily governess to support them both cheaply—I regard him as more worthy than ever. Ernest, my boy, I shall call upon you to help entertain our guests, and especially at table, for I shall have no servants about to scare them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Mayberry dismissed the subject by arising from the table.

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"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I should! Will we go, do you think?"

The little, wizened old man looked fondly at her over his steel-rimmed glasses.

"So you'd like to accept Mr. Mayberry's invitation to dinner, oh, Winnie? You wouldn't be ashamed of your old-fashioned grandfather, eh, among the fine folk of the family? Remarkably fine folk, I hear, for all I can remember when Joe was a boy together with myself. Fine folk, Winnie, and you think we'd better go!"

"I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have any recreations—I don't want many, for I think contented honest labor is the grandest thing in the world, and the best discipline—but, somehow, I can't tell why, but I do want to go. I can wear my black cashmere, and you'll be so proud of me."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no matter what you wear. Yes, we'll go."

And thus it happened that among the ten guests that sat down at Josiah Mayberry's hospitable, overflowing board, that cold, blue-skied day, Winnie Maybenton and the little old man were two—and two to whom Ernest May-

berry paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked and expected. Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that was a failure, because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influences of Mr. Mayberry's and Ernest's courteous, gentlemanly attentions.

"I only hope you are satisfied," Mrs. Josiah said, with what was meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood a moment before the fire: "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention Ernest paid to that young woman—very unnecessary attention, indeed."

Mr. Mayberry rubbed his hands together briskly.

"Satis' fed"? Yes, thankful to God I had in my power to make them forget their poverty, if for only a little hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hurd's eyes glisten when Ernest gave him the second triangle of pie? Bless the youngsters' hearts; they won't want anything to eat for a week."

"I was speaking of the young woman who—" Mrs. Mayberry was icily severe, but her husband cut it short.

"So you were—pretty little thing as ever I saw. A ladylike, graceful little girl, with eyes beautiful enough to excuse the boy for admiring her."

"The boy. You seem to have forgotten your son is twenty-three—old enough to fall in love with and marry even a poor, unknown girl you were quite quick enough to invite to your table."

"Twenty-three? So he is. And if he wants to marry a beggar, and she is a good girl—why not?"

A little gasp of horror and dismay was the only answer of which Mrs. Mayberry was capable.

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"Grandpa?"

Winnie's voice was so low that Mr. Wilmington only just heard it, and when he looked up he saw the girl's crimson cheeks and her lovely drooping face.

"Yes, Winnie. You want to tell me something?"

She went up behind him and leaned her hot cheek caressingly against his, her sweet, low voice whispering her answer:

"Grandpa, I want to tell you something—I—Mr. May—we—Ernest has asked—he wants me to—oh, grandpa, can't you tell what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against his.

He reached up his hand and caressed the other one.

"Yes, I can tell, dear. Ernest has shown his uncommon good sense by wanting you for his wife. So this is what come of that dinner, eh, Winnie?"

"And may I tell him you are perfectly willing, grandpa? Because I do love him, you know."

"And you're sure it isn't his money you are after, eh?"

She did not take umbrage at the sharp question.

"I am at least sure it is not my money he is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes, you are at least sure of that; there, I hear the young man coming himself. Shall I go, Winnie?"

It was the "young man himself," Ernest Mayberry, with a shadow of deep trouble and distress on his face as he came straight up to Winnie and took her hand, then turned to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, sir, for I should have asked you to give me Winnie for my wife. Instead, I must be content to tell you how dearly I love her, and how patiently and hard I will work for her to give her the home which she deserves—because, Mr. Wilmington, this morning the house of Mayberry & Thurston failed and both families are beggars."

His handsome face was pale, but his eyes were bright with a determination and braveness nothing could daunt.

Winnie smiled back upon him, her own cheeks paling.

"Never mind, Ernest, on my account. I can wait, too."

Old Mr. Wilmington's eyes were almost shut behind the heavy, frowning forehead, and a quizzical look was on his shrewd old face as he listened.

"Gone up, eh? Well, that's too bad. You stay here and tell Winnie I am just as willing she shall be your wife when you want her, as if nothing had happened, because I believe you can earn bread and butter for both of you, and my Winnie is a contented little girl. I'll hobble up to the office and see your father; and he and I were boys together; a word of sympathy won't come amiss from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers alone, getting over the distance in a remarkable time, and presenting his wrinkled, weather-beaten old face in Mayberry & Thurston's private office, where Mr. Mayberry sat alone, with rigid face and keen, troubled eyes that nevertheless lighted at the sight of his old friend.

"I'm glad to see you, Wilmington. Sit down. The sight of a man who has come to reproach me is a comfort."

But Mr. Wilmington did not sit down.

He crossed the room to the table at which Mr. Mayberry sat among a hopeless array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words, Mayberry, at a time like this. Did you know your son has asked my Winnie to marry him?"

Mr. Mayberry's face lighted a second, then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at his command, as I thought he had yesterday at this time, I would say, 'God speed you' in your wooing of Winnie Wilmington. As it is—for the girl's sake, I disprove."

"So you haven't a dollar over and above, eh, Mayberry?"

"There will be nothing—less than nothing. I don't know that I really care so much for myself, but Ernest—it is a terrible thing to happen to him at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully.

"Good. Neither do I care for myself, but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell you what, Mayberry; perhaps you will wonder if I am crazy, but I'll agree to settle a quarter of a million on Winnie the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more if it'll be any use, and I'll start the boy for himself, if you say so. Eh?"

Mr. Mayberry looked at him in speechless bewilderment.

Wilmington went on:

"I made a fortune out in India, and

it's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands—a couple of millions. I determined to bring my girl up to depend on herself, and to learn the value of money before she had the handling of her fortune. She has no idea she's an heiress—my heiress. Sounds like a story out of a book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you shake hands on it and call it a bargain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried-up hand almost reverentially, his voice hoarse and thick with emotion.

"Wilmington, God will reward you for this. May He, thousandfold!"

Wilmington winked away a suspicious moisture on his eyelashes.

"You see it all comes of that dinner, old fellow. You acted like a charitable gentleman, and between us we'll make the boy and Winnie as happy as they deserve, eh?"

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And even Mrs. Mayberry admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave that dinner, and when she expects to see Mrs. Ernest Mayberry an honored guest at her board she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the violet-eyed, charming girl who wears her own honors with such sweet grace.

#### CALMING WAVES WITH OIL.

When hydrographic students first suggested to skippers who had sailed the seas for years that pouring oil on the troubled waters might save both vessel and cargo, the proposition was laughed to scorn. The wise old heads knew better.

Some of the younger skippers thought the scheme might be worth trying, and so put the theory to the test. They found it to work exceedingly well, so well, indeed, that in port here they told their brother masters of their success.

Stories of vessels having been saved by the method were told at frequent intervals in the South street resorts, and were received with much of the doubt Thomas spirit. Finally what were looked upon as yarns took on a color of verity with a vengeance, and even the oldest of the skippers began to believe in the oil story.

The result of this has been that there is not a week passes, in fact hardly a day, but the master of some vessel drops into the United States Hydrographic Bureau and informs Lieut. Cottman or some of his staff of the benefits he has derived during the stormy weather which now prevails from the use of oil. So efficacious has it proved in a number of instances that the attention of ship owners has been called to it, and they have fitted up their craft with special fixtures for the purpose of fighting huge waves with oil. The British steamship Kate Fawcett is one of these. Tanks are fitted upon deck for the special purpose of carrying oil, and from them pipes lead through the ship's side just above the water line. In case the waves became particularly threatening Capt. Young has the stopcocks in the pipes opened and lets out a bit of oil. He has found the plan to work extremely well, and when running finds it necessary to send out but one gallon in four hours. He uses linseed or varnish oil. The British steamship Earnwell is similarly fitted, and its officers have found that the loosening of even a small quantity of oil has kept the water from breaking over the decks of the steamer.

In cases where vessels are not specially fitted for fighting mountains of water with oil, skippers sling over the bows bags filled with coarse heavy oil, which oozes through the coarse material of which the bags are made, and has a wonderfully calming effect on old Neptune.

The only trouble in these cases, say the skippers, is that the oil is apt to clog up the canvas of the bags and

## A LAND OF FESTIVITIES.

MERRY-MAKING IN SIAM, HOME OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

Celebrating the Religious New Year in March—Superstitions and Curious Customs of the People.

The Siamese, the people of that wondrous country of perpetual summer—the land of the lotus and the white elephant—are pre-eminently a race of holiday keepers, says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*.

And, not content with innumerable religious and civic festivals throughout the year, they must have, not one, but two New Year's-days—one the beginning of the civil, the other the beginning of the religious year, each of which is celebrated with great pomp and with a total surrender of business for pleasure for a period of from four to eight days.

They have two eras, the religious and the civil, the latter dating from the ascension to the throne of a renowned monarch, named Somdet Phra Roong, exactly 1,244 years ago. They also have two cycles, one within the other, the greater being twelve years in duration and the lesser ten. Each year in each cycle has its own specific name, such as the year of the Rat, Cow, Tiger, Rabbit, Great Dragon, Lesser Dragon, Horse, Monkey, Cock, Dog and Hog.

The Siamese "hoola Sakarat," or religious New Year, generally falls on the day after the first full moon in the month of March. The Bramin astrologer, whose sole duty it is to point out the aspect of the sun, moon and stars, heralds the approaching full moon by setting in motion all the multitudinous gongs and temple bells in the city far and near. The people who are always ready, waiting for this signal, have generally finished their business for the year; debts have been paid off, accounts closed, merchandise disposed of, and all actual traffic of buying and selling suspended three days previous to the expected event. The announcement made by the many-tongued instruments is received by the vast population that inhabits the valley watered by the beautiful Menam river with fear and trembling, for they firmly believe that this is the witching hour when the very atmosphere of the world is alive with gods, demons, genii and hobgoblins, and forthwith the anxious and superstitious people hasten to frustrate their evil designs. They bind unspun cotton thread, consecrated by the priest, round their doors and windows, as the sacred thread is supposed to prove an effectual barrier in keeping out the malicious spirits. This done they place by the doors of their houses and huts a platter containing a pig's head and a bottle of arrack, as a conciliatory repast for the wondering ghosts that may desire to regale themselves during the night; after which the whole city, like the snail, draws in its horns and no consideration will tempt a mortal soul to venture out of it until sunrise the next morning.

At sunset every family offers to his own household genii an oblation of candles, perfumed tapers and roasted rice. As for the royal palace, 7,000 balls of unspun cotton, of seven fibres, consecrated by twenty-seven priests, are reeled round and round the walls, and from sunset until dawn terrific and continuous cannonading is heard from all the forts of the city to rout the evil spirits that infest the departing year.

But, once this dreadful night is passed, the terror-stricken inhabitants, with a long-drawn sigh of relief, prepare to welcome the new year. Dressed in many-colored silks, they repair first to the temples to offer praise and thanks-giving for their deliverance and to make handsome gifts to the priests, and not until they have propitiated Buddha and Buddha's earthly representatives do they think of their own merrymaking.

Now the holiday is begun, and for days every one surrenders himself or herself to dancing, singing, frequenting the theatre and other public places of amusements, and to every conceivable kind of out-of-door sports. Boat racing is a favorite amusement at all times, and at the New Year festivities the great races of the year are won and lost. Their racing boats are long, light canoes, and manned by from fifty to 100 paddles, they fly through the water with incredible speed. By night the river, upon and in which the majority of the inhabitants of the capital spend the greater part of their time, is one mass of fire. The pyrotechnic display on the Menam river at the Siamese New Year's festivities is probably unequaled in the world over. Snakes, dragons, fish of all kinds, birds and beasts and all animate creatures are manufactured by this clever people, and go whizzing through the water, leaving only a trail of light behind, while the set pieces upon the banks represent the taking and burning of the cities of their enemies, and the glorification of their sovereign and their Buddha.

All Siamese birthdays are celebrated at New Years, and at this time the curious custom of "hair cutting" is observed. When a boy reaches the age of eleven or fifteen, and a girl that of nine or thirteen, they are considered no longer children. Up to this time a tuft of hair is allowed to grow just above the forehead, and is always dressed with great care. It is twisted into a graceful knot and held together with a long gold or jeweled pin. At the base of this knot is worn a wreath of fragrant white flowers. The ceremonies of hair cutting often last five or six days. It is the "coming out party" of the boy or girl, and thereafter they are not permitted to mingle with the other sex as children, but are considered to have arrived at a marriageable age.

At the time of the hair cutting of the youngest daughter of the late king, the entire country assembled at the capital to witness the service. Plays and pantomimes, operas and balls were given the people for a week; the country was in a state of excessive exhilaration. On the last day a procession of Siamese, Malays, Chinese, Peguans, Burmese, Laos, Karens and Japanese filed past the king and his lovely daughter, seated upon a throne of gold. Groups of pretty women danced at the foot of the throne with small silver trees in their hands—the symbol of maiden purity. Soft music issued from unseen bands, and intoxicating perfumes were wafted from real and artificial banks of flowers. The air was charged with greetings to the happy maid that was that day the recipient of no less than thirty-five offers of marriage from neighboring princes.

The hair cutting was done in the king's chapel by the family priest, after which the little lady was bathed in holy water and "clad in more gorgeous raiment than ever before," proclaimed a woman."

Many other rites and ceremonies are observed New Years, such as the bathing of the priests by the king and the bathing of his majesty by the princes of the minor principalities, the offering of special obligations to Buddha by the king for the welfare of his people during the new year, and the building of new temples to his honor. Whatever can be done to propitiate their deity is attempted, and every pleasure of which the people can conceive is indulged in by them during this the greatest festival of the year.

### The Shah's Great Wealth.

What the terms his museum is a curious place. It contains a profusion of costly articles and objects of art such as exist as nowhere else at the present day, it being the opinion of well-informed Europeans, who have viewed these treasures, that their money value is perhaps twenty-fold that of the contents of the so-called green vaults at Dresden. It is impossible to give exact figures, for they could only be obtained after a long and minute inspection and valuation by experts; but roughly estimated, it is probable that there is more than \$100,000,000 worth of jewelry, precious stones, coined and uncioned gold, costly *objets de vertu*, fine porcelain and glassware, old weapons and armor, tableware and ornaments of exquisite Persian and Hindu workmanship, etc. The so-called peacock throne (a part of the plunder Nadia Shah carried off from Delhi 150 years ago) is alone valued at many millions, even after a number of the large, rough and uncut jewels have been broken out and stolen.

It is in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing that the paper, the engraving, and the ink come together, and with the aid of manual skill and mechanical appliances are transmuted into the dollars that the American people are commonly represented as struggling for with much avidity.

Up in the third story is the room where the paper is received. A portion of the room is divided from the rest by a high iron net-work railing. Clerks are busy at desk and a number of young women are there rapidly counting sheets of paper. Just as the reporter enters two large cases are rolled in on trucks. These contain paper, for which a requisition had been made on the Treasury. The requisition, written on blanks prepared for the purpose, contained many items, each stating the number of sheets wanted and what they were wanted for. The sheets are counted and a careful record made of the whole transaction. The paper is then moistened by being piled in stacks with alternate layers of wet cloths. From this division of the bureau the paper is issued to the plate printers, who make requisition for it as required by them. Each plate printer has a young woman as a helper. The helper comes for the paper, signs a receipt for it, and has to certify that she has received the required number of sheets. She has to count the sheets in order to certify to this, and the plate printer has to certify that he witnessed the count. So it is known exactly how many sheets each printer has in his possession, and he has to account before leaving the building for everyone. If for any reason he leaves the building before his day's work is done he has to get a pass-card with a formidable array of signatures on it, before it will be honored at the door. This card has blank spaces in which are filled in numbers showing the amount of paper taken out, the amount of work done, and the number of sheets returned. It has to be signed by the clerk of the wetting division, by an examining clerk, and by others who verify the figures.

When the day's work is done the printer returns his plate to the custodian, who has a desk in one corner of the room. In the morning when the printer gets a plate he gives a check bearing his number. The custodian has a rack of little hooks on which he hangs these checks. When the printer returns the plate the check is returned to him and he gives the custodian the keys of his press, which is hung on the hook in place of the check. Thus by glancing at the rack the custodian can at once tell what printers have not returned their plates. Among the improvements Mr. Graves, the chief of the bureau, is introducing, is the lighting of the press room with incandescent electric lights. Although the building is well provided with windows, the printers at work at a distance from the windows find the light insufficient on days when the sun is obscured. Gas lights are objectionable on account of the intolerable heat made in connection with the gas heaters.

From the press room the work goes down to the examining room on the floor below. Here the sheets are subjected to a series of counts and examinations. The first examiners throw out every sheet in which they discover any imperfection. These rejected sheets are again examined by another set of examiners, who retain all the sheets that will pass a liberal inspection or that can be made presentable by a little touching up. The sheets, when they come to this division, are still damp, and after the first count they are turned over to a man in charge of the drying racks. Each package has to have on it, in addition to the name of the printer and the various counters through whose hands it has passed, the initial made with a red pencil of the person who calls out to another person keeping the books the name of the printer and the number of sheets in the package. If this initial is not on the package the rack man will not receive it. This is a precaution to make sure that the printer receives proper credit for his work. When the drying racks are filled they are rolled into a drying-room, an apartment where the temperature is kept at 100 degrees by means of steam coils. The sheets remain here over night, under lock and key, and closely guarded. The next day they are brought out again and again counted. Up to this time the work of each printer is kept by itself. Now the packages, having been examined, are broken up and re-sorted into new packages of the required number. The sheets are rumpled and crinkly from the effects of moistening. To cure this they are subjected to hydraulic pressure, and come out as smooth as silk. From this examining division the Treasury and bank notes, four on a sheet, go to a room where women are operating machines that trim the edges or margins of the sheet.—*Washington Star*.

### A Great Stock Farm.

"You people in the East know nothing about stock farms," said John MacKey, the California horseman, in the St. James Hotel the other evening. "There's ex-Gov. Stanford's farm in San Mateo County as an example. He had 348 trotters and thoroughbreds on his farm when I left, and of the lot 285 were trotting-bred brood mares. He runs to trotters and has been wonderfully successful at it. New Yorkers think of the thoroughbred horse as the great animal of the stock farm, but the trotter is in reality the fellow who brings to the breeder the handsomest returns after all." Horses who can trot in 2:25 out there, says this excellent authority, are plenty as three-minute horses in this city, and the price asked for the former there is about the same as can be readily obtained for the latter here. A 3 or 4-year-old that cannot show better than 2:30 on the road isn't worth owning in the opinion of these California horsemen, and can easily be had from \$200 to \$300.—*New York Times*.

### Paper "Window Glass."

Paper "window glass" is now said to be an assured fact. As described: "A window pane is made of white paper, manufactured from cotton or linen, and modified by chemical action. Afterward the paper is dipped in a preparation of camphor and alcohol, which makes it like parchment. From this point it can be molded and cut into remarkably tough sheets entirely transparent, and it can be dyed with almost the whole of the aniline colors, the result being a transparent sheet, showing more vivid hues than the best glass exhibits."—*Washington Star*.

## PRINTING PAPER MONEY.

AN INDUSTRY MONOPOLIZED BY THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

Great Heaps of Paper Turned Into Currency at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

These checks with which the Government surrounds the making of paper money begin at one end of the line at the paper mill, where the distinctive paper on which notes of revenue stamps are printed, and at the other end in the engraving room, where skilled engravers are engaged working out designs upon plates of steel. Every scrap of the blank paper has to be accounted for, and it is guarded as jealously as though it already had the seal of the Treasury on it. This paper is kept in the paper room of the Treasury, and is issued in quantities as required by the force under Mr. E. O. Graves, the Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The little bits of steel on which the engravers work are also carefully guarded. An official of the Treasury Department receives them from the engravers every evening and locks them in strong vaults. The next morning they are taken out again and the engravers resume their work upon them. In these vaults—there are two of them—the Treasury Department has thousands of plates and steel rolls, used in printing money and stamps of various kinds. The vaults are, for convenience sake, located in the Engraving and Printing building, but they are not under the supervision of that bureau. When the bureau needs a plate out of the collection, it borrows it from the Treasury Department and has to give a receipt for it. The plates required for use are borrowed every morning and returned every evening.

It is in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing that the paper, the engraving, and the ink come together, and with the aid of manual skill and mechanical appliances are transmuted into the dollars that the American people are commonly represented as struggling for with much avidity.

Up in the third story is the room where the paper is received. A portion of the room is divided from the rest by a high iron net-work railing. Clerks are busy at desk and a number of young women are there rapidly counting sheets of paper. Just as the reporter enters two large cases are rolled in on trucks. These contain paper, for which a requisition had been made on the Treasury. The requisition, written on blanks prepared for the purpose, contained many items, each stating the number of sheets wanted and what they were wanted for. The sheets are counted and a careful record made of the whole transaction. The paper is then moistened by being piled in stacks with alternate layers of wet cloths. From this division of the bureau the paper is issued to the plate printers, who make requisition for it as required by them. Each plate printer has a young woman as a helper. The helper comes for the paper, signs a receipt for it, and has to certify that she has received the required number of sheets. She has to count the sheets in order to certify to this, and the plate printer has to certify that he witnessed the count. So it is known exactly how many sheets each printer has in his possession, and he has to account before leaving the building for everyone. If for any reason he leaves the building before his day's work is done he has to get a pass-card with a formidable array of signatures on it, before it will be honored at the door. This card has blank spaces in which are filled in numbers showing the amount of paper taken out, the amount of work done, and the number of sheets returned. It has to be signed by the clerk of the wetting division, by an examining clerk, and by others who verify the figures.

When the day's work is done the printer returns his plate to the custodian, who has a desk in one corner of the room. In the morning when the printer gets a plate he gives a check bearing his number. The custodian has a rack of little hooks on which he hangs these checks. When the printer returns the plate the check is returned to him and he gives the custodian the keys of his press, which is hung on the hook in place of the check. Thus by glancing at the rack the custodian can at once tell what printers have not returned their plates. Among the improvements Mr. Graves, the chief of the bureau, is introducing, is the lighting of the press room with incandescent electric lights. Although the building is well provided with windows, the printers at work at a distance from the windows find the light insufficient on days when the sun is obscured. Gas lights are objectionable on account of the intolerable heat made in connection with the gas heaters.

From the press room the work goes down to the examining room on the floor below. Here the sheets are subjected to a series of counts and examinations. The first examiners throw out every sheet in which they discover any imperfection. These rejected sheets are again examined by another set of examiners, who retain all the sheets that will pass a liberal inspection or that can be made presentable by a little touching up. The sheets, when they come to this division, are still damp, and after the first count they are turned over to a man in charge of the drying racks. Each package has to have on it, in addition to the name of the printer and the various counters through whose hands it has passed, the initial made with a red pencil of the person who calls out to another person keeping the books the name of the printer and the number of sheets in the package. If this initial is not on the package the rack man will not receive it. This is a precaution to make sure that the printer receives proper credit for his work. When the drying racks are filled they are rolled into a drying-room, an apartment where the temperature is kept at 100 degrees by means of steam coils. The sheets remain here over night, under lock and key, and closely guarded. The next day they are brought out again and again counted. Up to this time the work of each printer is kept by itself. Now the packages, having been examined, are broken up and re-sorted into new packages of the required number. The sheets are rumpled and crinkly from the effects of moistening. To cure this they are subjected to hydraulic pressure, and come out as smooth as silk. From this examining division the Treasury and bank notes, four on a sheet, go to a room where women are operating machines that trim the edges or margins of the sheet.—*Washington Star*.

### A Chinese Restaurant.

The pagan restaurant where we cheered but did not inebriate ourselves was daintily clean and handsomely decorated with gold work and flowers. Besides our tea we had nuts, citron, birds-nest, pudding, and some other preparations mysterious and awful. There was one dish of each kind, out of which all partook harmoniously with little two-pronged brass forks. We, of course, bought the dishes from which we ate, and caused a great deal of gayety among the heathen by refusing to take new ones in place of them. We also have each the autograph of mine host Yum—Hum—Rum—I don't believe I can quite recall it, but anything will do, for I don't believe he can remember such an outlandish name himself.

They could not understand much of what we said, but I can't look down on the pagans on that account, for it was just that much more that we made out from them.—*Overland*.

### They Were Married.

It seems to make very little difference where you are when the marriage ceremony is performed. A young runaway couple in Kansas were driving to the church, but the horses took freight and the sleigh stuck in a snowbank. They were tied right there and then.

The next thing will be a marriage on a toboggan slide, with minister, bride and groom traveling at the rate of a mile a minute. There is nothing like novelty in this world, and if an attack of rheumatism is thrown in, why, the interest of the occasion is vastly increased.—*New York Herald*.

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

FORTY-FIVE years ago there was not a postage stamp in the United States.

Mr. Holloway Evans, of Marion county, S. C., has given birth to five children inside of one year.

Andrew Sisson, of Swan Creek, Ill., while digging a well found at a depth of forty feet a petrified orange.

A Petersburg, Va., patriarch, seventy-five years of age, is now reveling in his eighty wife, and is the happy father of thirty-six children.

A Nevada ranchman, to protect his cattle from the effects of blizzards, has painted them all with a mixture of tar, red clay and linseed oil.

Adeline Patti has a small silver basin and a big white sponge, which is set on the outside of the bedroom window to catch dew. It is with this heaven distilled water that the diva bathes her eyes and face.

The largest book ever bound is owned by Queen Victoria, and measures eighteen inches across the back and weighs thirty pounds. It contains the jubilee addresses of congratulation from members of the Primrose League.

The *Jeweller's Weekly* says that persons who wear glass eyes and can afford it have one for the day and another for the night, because the pupil of the natural eye is smaller by day than by night, and the glass eye that will match during business hours does not look natural by gas light.

In China the bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters and tinsmiths form lines on either side of the public square and wait until they are wanted. The master builder comes along and puts a chalk mark upon those whose services he desires. They follow him and go to work. The least sign of discontent calls for the head of the kicker. All are glad to see it fall into the basket, for it gives a place for one more to work.

Near Danbury, in North Carolina, stands a log house built by its present occupant forty-five years ago. When he first built the fire on the new hearth he vowed it should never go out, and it has not. Meantime the owner has not slept from home a single night, has never tasted food from any table but his own; has never used a candle or other light in his dwelling, yet has married three times, been the father of fourteen children, and become a great-grandfather.

The discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the Emperor of China, Hoang-ti, who reigned about 2,000 years before the Christian era, and since that time a special spot has been allotted in the gardens of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree—called in Chinese the "golden tree"—and to the keeping of silk-worms. The first silk dress in history was made, not for a sovereign nor a pretty woman, but for the monster in human shape, Helio-

galabu.

### How the Money Comes Back.

The bank note or treasury note that goes forth from the bureau of engraving and printing, looking so bright and handsome, comes back in time, perhaps ragged, dirty, and torn, like some old tramp, to end its career there. Every day or two one will see a closed van, looking like a big safe on wheels, drawn through the streets from the Treasury Department to the bureau, attended usually by three or four men. This contains the old paper money that has come back to the treasury for redemption. It is taken to a room in the rear of the bureau of engraving and printing. In the floor of this room are two circular holes, about two feet in diameter. Looking down one of these holes below one can see a part of the surface of a huge iron cylinder. The cylinder can be opened by means of a round lid or cover. When the old money is brought in it is dumped down a funnel into one of these cylinders. A committee, comprising representatives of the different branches of the Treasury Department, interested, besides one representative, in theory at least, of the general public, gravely watches the operation. When all the money has come back to the treasury for redemption, it is taken to a room in the rear of the bureau of engraving and printing. In the floor of this room are two circular holes, about two feet in diameter. Looking down one of these holes below one can see a part of the surface of a huge iron cylinder. The cylinder can be opened by means of a round lid or cover. When the old money is brought in it is dumped down a funnel into one of these cylinders. A committee, comprising representatives of the different branches of the Treasury Department, interested, besides one representative, in theory at least, of the general public, gravely watches the operation. When all the money has come back to the treasury for redemption, it is taken to a room in the rear of the bureau of engraving and printing. In the floor of this room are two circular holes, about two feet in diameter. Looking down one of these holes below one can see a part of the surface of a huge iron cylinder. The cylinder can be opened by means of a round lid or cover. When the old money is brought in it is dumped down a funnel into one of these cylinders. A committee, comprising representatives of the different branches of the Treasury Department, interested, besides one representative, in theory at least, of the general public, gravely watches the operation. When all the money has come back to the treasury for redemption, it is taken to a room in the rear of the bureau of engraving and printing. In the floor of this room are two circular holes, about two feet in diameter. Looking down one of these holes below one can see a part of the surface of a huge iron cylinder. The cylinder can be opened by means of a round lid or cover. When the old money is brought in it is dumped down a funnel into one of these cylinders. A committee, comprising representatives of the different branches of the Treasury Department, interested, besides one representative, in theory at least, of the general public, gravely watches the operation. When all the money has come back to the treasury for redemption, it is taken to a room in the rear of the bureau of engraving and printing. In

# Arlington Advocate

OFFICE:

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

Published every Friday afternoon, by

CHARLES S. PARKER,  
Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00. SINGLE COPIES, 4 CTS.

Arlington, January 20, 1888.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

Reading Notices, per line,	5 cents
Special Notices,	15 "
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Marriges and Deaths—free.

## At the State House.

This has been a quiet though busy week at the State House, in which a considerable amount of business has been at least well begun. The resolve for a prohibitory amendment to the constitution was reported in the Senate according to programme, except that Representative Blume, of Boston, added his name to the list of dissenting ones, making the committee stand 8 to 3. In the House an important feature has been the presentation of a petition from the officers of the Institute of Technology asking for an additional State appropriation of \$100,000 for that institution. It will be recalled that last year the institute asked the State for \$200,000, only one-half of which was granted, and that upon conditions. Now the officers state very fully and clearly the grounds upon which the other \$100,000 is requested. The Educational Committee has reported a resolve appropriating \$3,000 to provide for the liabilities incurred in order to secure necessary protection from further injury and waste to Crocker Hall at the Normal School at Framingham, injured by fire December 24, and to provide for the temporary accommodation of pupils; and the House has adopted Mr. Quincy's orders relative to children who cannot read and write English attending day and night school, and relative to the employment of such children when under 14 years of age. An order aimed at the repeal of the weekly payment bill, so far as it is compulsory, has also been adopted.

The heads of departments, with the exception of Attorney-General Waterman, took the oaths of office at the meeting of the executive council Wednesday. The Governor appointed Mr. D. Webster King, of Boston, a member of the State board of lunacy and charity in place of Dr. Dean, resigned.

The Republican Representatives held a caucus yesterday afternoon, to determine what action shall be taken upon the prohibitory amendment.

With the aid of three Republicans votes to the solid Democratic strength in the U. S. Senate, Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar is confirmed in his appointment to a seat upon the bench of the U. S. Supreme Court. The appointment was a political one, for purely political reasons, but the appointee may redeem the past, and show himself worthy of the high place of trust.

Mr. Arthur A. Fowle, managing editor of the Boston Globe, a former resident of Woburn, was kind enough to insert in the columns of that paper the following item in regard to a, to us, very interesting event:

"On Friday of this week, Charles S. Parker, the editor of the Arlington Advocate and his estimable wife will have been married 25 years, and the happy occasion will be celebrated at their home, corner of Arlington avenue and Franklin street, Arlington, with a reception. The paper Mr. Parker owns and edits, is an able one; he and his wife are amiable people and the anniversary reception will no doubt be an enjoyable occasion."

On Wednesday, the senior proprietor of the Lynn Item had his say about the above event, as follows:

"If all Charley's friends get there he will wish he lived in a larger house, although the Parker residence is one of the roomy sort, for which the hospitable Arlingtonians are somewhat noted. Many happy returns of the joyful day is the wish of the Item."

During this week Speaker Carlisle, of the U. S. House of Representatives, has been very ill. Doubtless his sickness is the natural reaction from the strain involved in the arrangement of the committees. This task, about which so many gibes are uttered, is really one of the most difficult and perplexing which even so experienced a politician as Mr. Carlisle could undertake. The contest for his seat must have also been a disturbing factor in the case, though he carried a bold front and the majority on the elections committee backed his claim completely, without regard to the claims for consideration of the part of the contestants. He was only a poor working man, without influence at political meetings.

Read L. C. Tyler's new adv't.

## A WOMAN'S OUTLOOK.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 18, '88.  
The late numerous accidents on the Elevated Roads have had a very disquieting effect upon the general community, and the feeling is strong with many people that this serial method of transit can only be a temporary convenience. Still, when the stockholders of the Elevated Roads points to the very few serious accident which have occurred on their lines, compared with those of the surface railroads, the showing is certainly favorable to the first mentioned. The trouble in all these cases above and below is carelessness or indifference. If we knew how often our lives had been literally at the mercy of beer and whiskey and stupidity or gross ignorance, we should either travel less in the future or protest en masse against weak heads or swollen heads in places requiring strong, clear brains. Monopolies are too much in the habit of lining their own pockets by employing cheap labor.

Jennie Cassedy, in the December number of The Woman's Magazine, an exceedingly wide-awake and helpful periodical, tells her readers, most charmingly, of the comfort and inspiration derived from going to church and to the opera by telephone. In other words, this helpless invalid was presented with a telephone by Mr. James Clark, of Brattleboro Vermont, and is now able to listen to a couple of sermons each Sunday, and to hear the music as well. Oh, that all the "Shut Ins" could be so tenderly and intelligently cared for. I have a twenty-five years "Shut In" in my mind now, a man helpless in every muscle and joint, unable to lift a finger or to turn his head, and totally blind. For twenty years or more this man's jaws have locked and food has only been administered through a crevice caused by the loss of a side tooth. This last summer his teeth commenced to ulcerate. The upper jaw fortunately lapsed over the under a trifle, and Dr. Race, one of Brooklyn's most skillful dentists, was able to remove the two upper front teeth, and then the corresponding lower ones. After this, with the greatest care, a back tooth was taken out. And so this man suffers and waits. I allude to my neighbor, Dr. Charles F. Reed, a man of wonderful attainments, and possessing the patience of Job, the grace of God, and a wife whom the Lord himself must have created for him. I tell this story for the sake of other "Shut Ins" who may think their lots are the hardest in the world, and in the hope that the rich among them may have something to say and to send to this man who long ago spent every dollar he earned in his profession, and who is poor as well as blind and helpless.

The cartoon on the front page of "Puck" for Jan. 11, is very funny indeed, and exceedingly ingenious and spirited. It is more than that to me—it is eminently practical. It represents a "Life Saving Station" at West St., New York, during the January thaw. By the turn of a wheel travelers are lifted over all obstructions, men by their trouser's bands, and women in chairs, and swung to the Jersey City Ferry House. It is as much as one's life is worth to cross here, summer or winter, and it seems to me Dalrymple's idea, funny as it is, might be the basis of some sort of a transportation scheme. I'd be willing to make the trip on an animated broom-stick.

"Farmer's wife" asks the cost of a Priestley Henrietta dress, and the very same mail brings a letter from St. Paul from a lady who wishes a sample of the highest priced fabric that in which the threads cannot be detected by the strongest magnifying glass. This last is far more beautiful than silk, and just now more fashionable for full dress. I believe the cost is in the neighborhood of five dollars per yard. To this especial farmer's wife, and all others who want a truly serviceable dress, I would say that the kind that can be bought for \$1.50 or \$2.00 per yard is good enough for any body, and will wear like tow cloth, and wash and iron and make over far better than any other goods in the market.

ELEANOR KIRK.

Next Sunday's Boston Globe will contain the first instalment of the political history of this country, prepared with especial reference to the young people of the land, by an array of public men having national reputations which is a guarantee that the complete series must be volume or set of volumes second in value to nothing yet prepared relating to the history of the United States. Among the writers announced are James Parton, John D. Long, Geo. S. Boutwell, Henry Cabot Lodge, George B. Loving, and others equally competent to write upon the periods assigned to each. The Globe will spare no labor or expense to make this series of articles a perfect manual of American political history for young people and students," to quote from its own announcement; but knowing something of the men already secured, we feel sure that personally we shall read the articles with pleasure and with great profit, through not really a "young person," nor having quite the leisure necessary for a student.

## (Correspondence.)

### Assessors and Their Duties.

MR. EDITOR.—I am pleased to notice from the communications which have recently appeared in the MINUTE-MAN that some slight interest is being taken in the question of assessment of real estate for taxes. The average citizen pays his tax, generally with some grumbling, but with little apparent appreciation of the basis on which the law requires the assessment to be made, and the assessors in most of our country towns seem to show quite as little appreciation in making the assessments. The law implicitly requires the assessors to assess all property "its full and fair cost value," and oblige them to make oath that they have so done. It is not sufficient that they assess all property on the same street or in the same neighborhood comparatively alike. It is not sufficient that all farming lands are assessed on one basis and village estates on another. Each estate must be assessed independently of every other—at its value. How to estimate this value is a difficult and delicate matter, requiring good common sense and careful judgment. What an estate cost is not an element that should enter into the appraisal. For various reasons a person may be willing to pay for an estate greatly in excess of its value, but this should in no way influence the assessment; and, per contra, a person may have purchased an estate at a favorable time at a price much less than the real value; but this is no reason why the assessors should assess such a place at a low price. Persons owning estates for homes are constantly making additions and alterations, and others owning land are constantly spending large sums for, what, to them, are improvements, but the expenditure of a large sum of money on an estate is not in itself to be considered by the assessors in determining the assessment. An addition costing thousands of dollars may be made to a house without adding a dollar to its real value—indeed it may and often does, detract from its value. It may be more valuable in the eyes of the owner, but the question is, what is its "fair cost value?" What will it sell for under ordinary circumstances? So a man may spend thousands of dollars in grading or improving, according to his notions, a piece of land, without adding a dollar to its value. I have in mind an instance where, during the past year, an addition costing two or three thousand dollars was made to a certain house, and the assessors immediately raised the valuation on this account. The addition was one which the owner desired for the use of his own family, but which in no way added to its market value—indeed it is probable the house would sell for less on account of the addition. A single offer for an estate and the refusal of the owner to accept the offer is not a basis for making or adding to an assessment. The owner may, for family reasons, or on sentimental grounds, prefer to keep his estate, even though he may be able to obtain for it a price very much in excess of its value. The question in every case is, what is "the fair cash value?"—what will the estate sell for at a fair time and under fair circumstances? or, what is its fair market value? Tested by this rule I think we shall find the assessments in our town very faulty. It will be admitted that there is a great demand for places around our common and on our Main street. There is vacant land around the common that will readily sell for many times the assessment. There is hardly an estate—a severe test—for double the assessment. I have in mind one that cost the owner less than three thousand dollars (on which the assessment has been slightly raised) that would now sell readily for three times its cost. We cannot blame the owners for clinging to historic estates and localities. We cannot blame them for refusing to sell at any price; but when the historic interests add to the market value of an estate, that is, when it will sell readily for a high price on that account if put on the market, there is no reason why the assessment should not be raised to such price. This is true to a large extent on our Main street throughout its whole length; while on the side streets, extending into our farming districts the assessments as a rule are in excess of the "fair cash value." On the Main street there is hardly an estate that would not sell readily at a forced sale for more than the assessment. There are large tracts of vacant land on and near the Main street, especially through East Lexington, that, if put into the market at a fair price would find ready purchasers for building sites, and yet this land is assessed without reference to this, as vacant of tillage land, at fearfully low rates. We do not blame people for clinging to large lawns and grounds connected with their estates, but when such land is in demand for building purposes if they see fit to hold it they should be content to be taxed for it at its market price. Vacant land which is not in demand for building purposes, must be assessed with reference to what it is worth for other uses, until such time as there is a market for it that will determine its value. The land on the new part of Oakland street has had no special market value until recently. During the past year several lots have been sold for four and five cents per foot. There is now a demand for the contiguous lots at that price (even considerably more) and the price asked is now about double what it has been selling for. Under these circumstances the assessors cannot hesitate to assess a large tract of adjacent lots in excess even of five cents per foot, and the land nearer the village even higher because there is a market for it which determines the "fair cash value." So also the estates on Main street which the committee have been trying to purchase for a site for the new library. The estates, in the nature of things, are in the market; their owners want to sell. They refuse to sell for less than certain prices. The committee and other parties have offered and are ready to buy at prices in excess of the present assessments, though they think the asking price too high. Do not these circumstances help to determine the "fair cash value," and can the assessors refuse to make their assessments accordingly?

Lexington, Jan. 18, 1888.

**F**covetousness in disguise. The wonderful success of James Pyle's Pearline has given rise to a flood of imitations with an "ine" to their names, evidently to have the sound like Pearline. Enterprises of this sort are quite liable to be more selfish than beneficial.

## Marriages.

In Meridian, Miss., at the Church of the Media, Rev. William Stokes and Miss Persis E. Dodge, formerly of Arlington.

## Deaths.

In Arlington, Jan. 13, Mrs. Sarah J. Smith, wife of Mr. D. W. Smith, aged 73 years, 5 months, 17 days.

In Lexington, Jan. 16, William Hartwell, 91 years.

In East Lexington, Jan. 15, Christopher S. Mason, 76 years, 7 months and 23 days.

In Fitchburg, Jan. 11, Adonijah Barnes, 83 years, 10 months and 14 days.

## HAY FOR SALE.

200 Tons Early Cut, Well Cured ENGLISH and MEADOW, \$11.50 and \$19.50 per ton. Apply to

Wm. J. Neville,  
Lexington, Mass.

## SLEIGHING PARTIES.

### The RUSSELL HOUSE,

LEXINGTON,

is now open. Orchestra for dancing every evening.

P. O. Box 40, Lexington. Telephone 6866.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, 88.

#### PROBATE COURT.

To all Persons interested under the last will of SAMUEL WHEELWRIGHT, late of Lexington, in said County:

GREETING:

Whereas, George O. Smith and Ellen Dana, executors of said will, have presented to said Court their petition praying said Court to determine by its decree the true construction of said will, and to whom certain legacies should be paid. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held in the County of Middlesex on the first TUESDAY of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same. And said petitioners are ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to you personally, at least before said Court. If you can be found, or cannot be found, if any cannot be so found, also by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the Lexington Minute-Man, a newspaper printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

3W20Jan

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, 88.

#### PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of JANE W. STEVENS, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased, intestate:

Whereas, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Joseph W. Stevens, of Greenfield, in the County of Franklin, and to exempt him from giving surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held in the County of Middlesex on the first TUESDAY of February next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And the said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the Lexington Minute-Man, a newspaper printed at Lexington, the last publication to be two days at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this second day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

3W20Jan

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

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MIDDLESEX, 88.

#### PROBATE COURT.

# FIRE, SMOKE, WATER A LITTLE FIRE, MUCH SMOKE AND WATER!

Few Goods Burned,  
Many Goods Slightly Damaged

At the Late Fire in Arlington Savings Bank Building.

THE INSURANCE COMPANIES HAVE ADJUSTED OUR LOSS,  
—AND WE—

**Must Move our Goods  
AT ONCE!  
At a Great Discount from Cost**

So that we can Refit our Store.

We can say to our customers in Arlington and vicinity that on our counters will be found

**Goods Which We Must Sell.**

You will find Great Bargains in

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#### EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—Mr. Eddie Butterfield has his usual fine exhibit at the poultry show.

—Now is the time to practise the old text: "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

—Those who attended the concert Monday evening found it very enjoyable.

—Miss Maria Butterfield is teaching the Scotland school, as Miss Knight is absent on account of sickness.

—Some of our people enjoyed the privilege of listening to the interesting address given by Rev. Brooke Herford, last Sabbath evening.

—We must still keep hoping through the shadows of coming events have been cast a long time before their appearance. Yet we assure you that the dramatic entertainment is on the way.

—Rev. Mr. Thompson preached last Sabbath from these words found in John vii:57: "As the living Father sent me and I live by the Father, so be that eateth me even he shall live by me."

—Winter is half gone and as yet we have left very little of its usual severity, but our sympathy should go out to those less favored than we have been. The thrilling record of the great Western blizzard is heart-rending.

—Shall ashes be sprinkled on our sidewalks and paths, with the footprints which they leave in our houses, or limbs be broken, is a question for women of the 19th century to decide just now.

—There is great fun for the young people out of doors coasting and skating, but the unusually large number of accidents recorded in our papers this week as the result of these pleasures should send a note of warning to all the participants to exercise great care.

—These who attend church to air their new clothes or see the fashions, have been greatly disappointed this winter, and may be obliged still longer to sit by their home fires, clothed in sack-cloth and ashes, mourning their sad lot.

—The Band of Mercy met last Saturday afternoon, and a goodly number were present. The readings and singing were appropriate and we hope these monthly meetings may prove the means of calculating a merciful and humane spirit in our community and particularly among the youth.

—We think it would be wise for some scientific person to analyze the snow and rain which falls on Sunday and see if their compound parts are different from that which occurs on week days. We should judge they were of a poisonous nature by the reluctance manifested to brave the elements on Sunday.

—Mr. Alpheus Snow died at Plymouth Union, Vt., Jan. 8th, and his body was brought here last week for burial. His mother and three sisters lived and died in our village and he was well known by many of our people. He was a prominent man in the town where he died and filled many a position of honor and trust. He leaves

a widow and sister besides many friends to mourn his death. He was sixty-eight years of age, and after a short illness died of pneumonia, which is so prevalent at this season of the year.

—Died in East Lexington, Jan. 15th, Mr. Christopher Mason, aged 76 years. Mr. Mason, with his family, moved from Somerville last spring into our village, and though in delicate health, still was enabled to enjoy some of the pleasures of country life, and hoped that our pure air might give him renewed strength. He was one of a family of fifteen children. He leaves a widow and son and a large circle of relatives and friends, who have loved and honored him these many years.

The weak body is laid to rest, and the spirit has gone home, leaving a precious memory to all who knew him. The funeral occurred on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Mr. Thompson officiating, and the burial was at Forest Hill.

—This week has been a busy one with our people, as it is a long time since our ladies have held an old fashioned church tea-party. The new lamps gave an added brilliancy and a goodly company of young and old participated in the festivities of the evening. There were delegations from many adjoining towns and the Centre. The dancing was the entertainment of the evening, but many enjoyed watching the dancers. The supper tables were well patronized and we have heard only one comment as regards the party and that is, "What a grand success." We hope this is the beginning of a series.

#### DON'T

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into cataract. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boose's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

—The Mass. 12th Regiment Association, which includes some prominent Lexington gentlemen, enjoyed its annual reunion and dinner at Youngs Hotel, last Tuesday evening.

—When a lecturer has worked the ladies of his audience so near to the weeping point that they have got out their handkerchiefs, and then suddenly changes his tone and speaks of the merits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup he is bound to raise a feeling of indignation.

—Mr. E. Nelson Blake, of Chicago, well known to most of our readers as our interesting "B" correspondent, is enjoying his annual season of rest in Florida. Doubtless our readers will soon learn something of what that section offers in the line of attractions.

—Ayer's Hair Vigor improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It prevents the accumulation of dandruff, cleanses the scalp, and restores a natural color to gray hair. Have you received Ayer's Almanac for the new year?

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When a lecturer has worked the

ladies of his audience so near to the weeping

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chiefs, and then suddenly changes his tone

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Syrup he is bound to raise a feeling of indigna-

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tion.

—Mr. Alpheus Snow died at

Plymouth Union, Vt., Jan. 8th, and his

body was brought here last week for bur-

ial. His mother and three sisters

lived and died in our village and he

was well known by many of our peo-

ple. He was a prominent man in the

town where he died and filled many a

position of honor and trust. He leaves

Dr. J. I. PEATFIELD,  
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## PEPITA.

Up in her balcony where  
Vines through the lattices run,  
Spilling a scent on the air,  
Setting a screen to the sun,  
Fair as the morning is fair,  
Sweet as a blossom is sweet,  
Dwells in her rosy retreat  
Peppita.

Often a glimpse of her face,  
When the wind rustles the vine  
Parting the leaves for a space  
Gladness this window of mine,—  
Pink in its leafy em’brace,  
Pink as the morning is pink,  
Sweet as a blossom I think  
Peppita.

I who dwell over the way  
Watch where Peppita is hid—  
Safe from the glare of the day  
Like an eye under its lid;  
Over and over I say,—  
Name like the song of a bird,  
Melody shut in a word,—  
“Peppita.”

Look where the little leaves stir!  
Look, the green curtains are drawn!  
There in a blossomy blur  
Breaks a diminutive dawn;  
Dawn and the pink face of her,—  
Name like a lisp of the south,  
Fit for a rose’s small mouth,  
Peppita!

—Frank D. Sherman, in *The Century*.

## TOM'S EXPLOIT.

“Alloo! ‘Ead ‘im hoff! ‘Ead ‘im hoff! There hain’t henny meat hat the station!”

“English Tom,” as the boys called him, was a tenderfoot if ever there was one. He went from Castle Garden to Galveston, Texas, and then came directly to the far frontier, where he was employed at one of the stage stations. He had not been in the country over a month, and therefore was new to the ways of the people, and also to life on the border. At that time the stage line extended from Fort Worth, Texas, to El Paso, passed westward through New Mexico and Arizona, and had its western terminus at San Diego, Cal. Branches extended from San Antonio to Fort Concho, and from Mesilla, N.M., northward through that Territory to Colorado, but the main line was Fort Worth, then quite a little city, to San Diego, a distance of about 1,700 miles. This was the longest stage line in the world. And what a country was traversed by those heavy, rocking coaches with their four wild mules!

From Fort Worth to El Paso, a distance of 700 miles, there was not a town. The first place of any importance west of Fort Worth was Fort Concho, over 200 miles away, and one of the frontier outposts. About every thirty miles was a stage “station,” occupied by a “station-keeper,” a “stock-tender” and a guard of about four or five soldiers. Further west was Stockton, still further Fort Davis, and then El Paso. A few saloons, a number of gambling places and a store or two comprised the “town” at each of these forts; but all along, that stretch of 700 miles there was not a human habitation except the stage stations. The four or five soldiers at each station acted as a guard in case Indians attacked the place, which they often did. Each stage also carried one soldier, who sat beside the driver, and who was supposed to represent the United States Army in case the coach was ambushed by Indians or attacked by road agents. The drivers drove about sixty miles. Every other station was a “swing” station, where the mules were changed, and every other station was a “home” one, where the drivers lived, stopping at one “home” station when going west and the other when going east. Life at these far outposts of civilization was dreary and monotonous enough, but still it had some simple pleasures, and not infrequently hardships and perils.

The second station west of Fort Davis was a “home,” and was called Van Horn’s Wells. The stage company had spent considerable money on, or rather in these wells, but at a depth of about two hundred feet they were as dry as at the top. The next station westward was Eagle Springs, and here was a large spring of clearest water. The distance between the two stations was twenty-two miles, and two men were constantly employed hauling water from Eagle Springs to supply the men and mules at Van Horn’s Wells. The poorest mules owned by the company were used with this water-wagon—four broken-down animals that could not, by any possible urging or abuse, be induced to go faster than a very slow walk. The wagon was a common affair, containing barrels that were filled through the bung. The road between the two stations led along gulches and washouts where the tall grasses and bushes afforded easy ambuscades. Sometimes it led through small canyons, where the Indians had been known to hide behind the rocks and shoot the men on the wagon. The only water in that region was at Eagle Springs, and for many years it had been a favorite stopping place for the roving bands of Apaches and Comanches.

“English Tom” made his appearance at Van Horn’s Wells in the summer of 1877. The first thing he did upon arriving at the station was to become the possessor of a wolf-skin cap, with a long tail hanging down the back. The boys told him, that the cap was the proper thing, and so he sweltered and suffered and wore it.

Indians had murdered the driver of the water wagon, and the company had considerable difficulty in getting any one to undertake the dangerous and monotonous task of hauling water to the men and animals at Van Horn. Finally “White Buffalo,” a reckless young chap, who had lost his last cent with the monte players at Fort Davis, was induced to take the place at double pay, and “English Tom” was sent to fill the barrels with water and help “White Buffalo.” The latter smiled when he saw his assistant, but said: “I’ll do, I reckon. I’ll try him anyway.”

A coyote had jumped up from some hiding-place near the road and started away with a long lopé. “White Buffalo” reached for his rifle, but “English Tom” sprang from the wagon, waved his wolf-skin cap in the air, and started after the fleet-footed coyote as fast as he could run. Then it was that he exclaimed: “‘Ead ‘im hoff! ‘Ead ‘im hoff! There hain’t henny meat hat the station!”

The ride dropped from White Buffalo’s

hand and he fell on the seat in a fit of laughter that threatened to result in serious convulsions. It would be easier to catch an antelope than a coyote, and even if it had been shot no civilized man ever heard of eating one.

Many a joke was played on “English Tom” during the weeks that followed, and his mistakes and absurd blunders seemed to promise a fund of inexhaustible fun for the drivers. Beside the boys felt a strong contempt for the English man, for it was thought he was something of a coward. But there came a day when the lives of a dozen men depended upon English Tom, and he nobly did his duty.

The summer had nearly passed away, no more Indians had been seen, and the Superintendent was thinking about putting a cheaper man in White Buffalo’s place, when one morning the station-keeper at Eagle Springs found Indian signs near the water. He dared not follow the trails any distance, but waited until later in the day when White Buffalo and English Tom arrived. The former made a careful examination of the footprints around the spring. Then he saddled a mule, and, without saying a word, rode away. English Tom filled the barrels with water, and then the men went into the station and sat in silence and waited.

The sun sank behind the hills along the Rio Grande. Soon the “too-hoo, too-hoo” of owls echoed dimly through the canyons, as if the birds knew there was trouble in the air, and the men in the rude cabin looked at each other. One tried to tell a story and another essayed a song, but the story fell flat and the singer lost the key. Then they reapsed into silence. The station-keeper was the first to speak of the thing they were all thinking about. “I wonder if he will try to ‘pipe’ ‘em. It will be risky to come back on the trail,” he said. The barrier had been broken, and they freely discussed the situation. Would White Buffalo endeavor to follow the Indians in order to ascertain if they were only passing through the country, or would he make a still-hunt in case they contemplated an attack on one of the stations or on a stagecoach? They were sure there were at least dozen Indians in the band, and perhaps there were more.

It was about midnight when they heard the feet of the mule in the rocky gulch. White Buffalo stripped the saddle from the steaming animal, turned the tired beast into the corral, and came in. His supper had been kept hot, and he sat down to eat with a very serious face, but without saying a word. English Tom was highly excited, and finally burst out with: “I say! You know, hold fellow, caunt you tell bus ha bit about the blooming Hindians, you know?”

“Not much to tell,” said White Buffalo. “There’s fifty of them, and twenty of them didn’t cross the range. They’re on foot, and will probably try to get the stock here or at Van Horn. They may try for the mules on the water wagon, but I don’t reckon they’ll attack the stage.

The men took turns standing on guard that night, and early the next morning White Buffalo and English Tom started with Van Horn with the water wagon. The latter drove the four sorry and lazy mules, and White Buffalo stood up in the front end of the wagon with his rifle in his hands. He kept his eyes on every bush and rock near the road, and several times he left the wagon to scout ahead through some little canyon or gulch. They had traveled to a point within a few miles of the station when he laid a hand on Tom’s shoulder and pointed to a range of low hills about three miles ahead. In that clear atmosphere objects are visible at a great distance, and a party of Indians could be readily seen descending toward the station.

“The boys at Van Horn don’t know there are Indians about, and I’m afraid they’ll be caught off their guard,” said the frontiersman. “Pull up the mules. They don’t see us, and maybe they’ll get behind that butte directly.”

Then the men waited and watched the Indians trail out of sight behind one of the hills. After that they tried to get some speed out of the mules, but the load was heavy and the mules old, and weak, and lazy. White Buffalo was about to suggest that they mount two of the animals and try to reach the station ahead of the Indians when bang! bang! a dozen rifles spoke from the high grass that lined the gully. White Buffalo swayed a moment as he stood, tried to bring his rifle to his shoulder, but staggered, and then plunged head first out of the wagon, dragging his rifle with him. Two of the mules were shot. The others stood still. English Tom sprang from the wagon and raised his companion. A wave seemed to pass over White Buffalo’s face, as a strange look came into his eyes. He sat up. He laid his Winchester across one of the spokes of the wheel, and as the Indians sprang out of their ambush he fired—once, twice, thrice—so rapidly that one could hardly have counted the shots.

Three Indians fell, and the others, taken by surprise, jumped back into the gully. English Tom sprang beside the wheel mule and began stripping off its harness. Meanwhile White Buffalo was firing rapidly and the Indians began to retreat. Tom tried to induce White Buffalo to mount the mule, but the latter only said:

“Ride, you blamed idiot! ride for your life and theirs!”

The old mule was getting excited, but English Tom held her. Then he bodily lifted his companion to her back, sprang on behind himself, and jabbing his heels into the animal’s ribs, started on a swinging gallop.

It was no easy task to hold a wounded and dying man on the mule, but Tom did it. They had approached within half a mile of the station, and Tom could see several of the men sitting under the shadow of the cabin and playing cards. He was about to yell at the top of his voice to attract their attention, when once again the riders of ambushed Indians spoke from their hiding place. He had been intercepted by the Indians they had seen before the wagon was attacked.

Bang! bang! went the rifles and bang! bang! replied English Tom’s six-shooter. Once the mule stumbled. It had hit, but did not fall. The wounded man hung on somehow, and Tom wounded his pistol with a rapidity and accuracy no one supposed him capable of. The fight was over in a few seconds. The mule had not let up on his gallop, and in a few moments would have carried its rider to safety, but a bell found in

heart and it plunged to the ground, hurling the two men over its head. White Buffalo lay where he fell, but English Tom was up in an instant, and standing boldly beside his fallen comrade he poured a steady fire from White Buffalo’s “Winchester,” which the latter had slung a strap. The men at the station heard the firing and came to the rescue on the run. The Indians retreated on seeing their approach, but fired a parting volley, and English Tom fell.

They found him lying on his back. A ball had struck him full in the center of the forehead. Tenderly they carried him to the station. They buried him near the house, and many an eye was wet with tears as they heaped stones over his grave. White Buffalo eventually recovered from his wounds. Nobody knew the poor English boy’s true name, none knew his people, but on the pile of stones White Buffalo erected a neatly painted slab bearing these words:

Here lies the body of  
ENGLISH TOM.

He was only a tenderfoot, but he  
Lost his life to save those  
Who have erected this  
Slab in honor of  
His memory.

Sept. 22, 1887.

—Chicago Mail.

## National Capitol Pages.

For years it has been the privilege of the pages in the Capitol at Washington to make quite a lot of pocket money each session in collecting autographs. The pages of the Senate, for instance, will collect the signatures of all the Senators in an album, turn the book over to some youngster in the House, who gets the Congressmen’s names, then to one of the pages in the Supreme Court for the autographs of the Justices, and finally to the riding pages of the Senate who are constantly going between the Capitol, the White House, and the several departments and bureaus of the Government. The latter get the names of the President, the Cabinet and the other prominent officials.

For such a collection the boy who starts the book has received whatever he could get out of his customer, trusting to his own sharpness and the latter’s generosity. When he gets his money—and \$10 is the usual price—he settles with the other pages who have assisted him, on such terms as they were willing to make. The ordinary terms of settlement have been \$5 to the contractor, \$2 to the House page, \$2 to the boy who gets the President and Cabinet, and \$1 to the youth in the Supreme Court.

But an equal division of profits is now demanded by the boys. I took an album which had been sent me by a friend in the West to one of the Senate pages the other day, and asked him to get the autographs of the statesmen for me as he had done before. I had formerly paid him \$10 for such a job, but he informed me that the boys had organized a union and had advanced the price to \$15. He said that the “kids” in the House kicked because the Senate boys were making more money than they, and had struck; so it became necessary to organize and have a stated card of rates.

“Don’t you see,” he said, “people who want autographs somehow always come to the Senate first. We have got \$5 for getting the names of seventy-six Senators, and have given the ‘kids’ in the Senate \$2 for getting 325 names. When they happened to catch on to a job they got the \$5 of course, and gave us two for the Senators’ autographs, but for every one book they get we get a dozen, and they kicked about it. So we had to agree to pay them as much as we got ourselves. They won’t touch a book less than \$5. There was a kid in the House who cut under them, and got some names not long ago for \$8, but when the other boys found it out they got hold of the book and tore out the leaves.”—New York Tribune.

## Scenes of Carnage at the Pyramids.

Long after Rameses II, Cambyses came, and on the pyramid plain conquered the Egyptians, mutilated the face of the Sphinx, and broke into the true outlines of the pyramids—ruthless conqueror, vandal and destroyer that he was. Twenty-four centuries after, Napoleon, with his conquering hosts, met the gold-covered Mamelukes, who, riding as swift as the wind and as a flame of fire, hacked the barrels of the French guns with their blades of Damascus steel. It was like a blazing volcano. All was smoke and blood and mutilation, as though an earthquake had come. Drooping their heads to the saddle-bow, the fearless Mamelukes rode forward and met the awful volleys of the invader, but only to sink in the sand. Without horses then, and laying upon their backs wounded, they cut at the legs of the enemy with their keen sabres, never yielding until conquered by death.

And there, close to the Sphinx, one can see now the very place whence came up the clouds of smoke and flame amid the yell of the demons who fought, where lay the masses of dead and dying, where the depicted ranks of the victims moved along with bristling arms and broken standards—moaning and swirling like the sea that refuses to be quiet after the storm.

—Scriveners’.

## The Armies of Europe.

“The bloated armaments of the great military powers of Europe” display their proportions in a very striking manner in Colonel Vogt’s work on “The European Armies of the Present.” The mobilized strength of France is set down at 2,051,458 troops, exclusive of the territorial army, which is equally large; that of Russia at 1,922,405; Germany, 1,493,330; and Austro-Hungary, 1,083,956. The military strength of Italy has now attained proportions that would have been deemed incredible ten years ago. Including militia, it is said to amount to 2,387,332 men. If, however, a similar inclusion be made in the case of Russia, the military strength of that power will probably be found to exceed even that of the French republic. Compared with these figures the numerical proportion of the British army ought almost to set at bay, but did not fall. They had approached within half a mile of the station, and Tom could see several of the men sitting under the shadow of the cabin and playing cards. He was about to yell at the top of his voice to attract their attention, when once again the riders of ambushed Indians spoke from their hiding place. He had been intercepted by the Indians they had seen before the wagon was attacked.

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## LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

## THE MEN WHO DO DUTY ON SOLITARY BEACON ROCKS.

The Wages They Get—A Charming Home Made on Falkner’s Island by Captain Brooks.

“Speaking of lighthouse keepers,” said the Captain of a vessel in the coastwise trade to a New York *Sun* reporter, “there is not one of them in the service who receives higher salary than \$1,000 a year, and there are some who get not more than \$100. There are at least 1,000 keepers in the employ of the Government, and under a recent act of Congress their pay averages \$300 a year. That makes \$600,000 the Government pays in wages for warning sailors off of dangerous ground, and the maintenance of the lighthouses comes to hundreds of thousands beside. In no branch of the public service is stricter discipline and greater attention to duty insisted on than in lighthouse keeping. The service is controlled by a Lighthouse Board, and the best men obtainable are selected as keepers. Preference is given to men who have spent years of service in the army or navy, as they know what discipline is, and know by experience that orders are to be obeyed to the letter, and without question..

A natural will ploughed up is the best soil for producing luxuriant crops.

There is nothing so adorable as heroism. And there is no heroism comparable to the determination to speak the truth.

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by temperance or medicine, but lost time is gone forever.

Finding out about what one sees is the best way of getting an education. The trouble with the most of us is that we accept what we see without inquiry or knowledge.

“One of the most accomplished and cultured men that ever was in the employ of any Government was for more than thirty years in charge of one of the United States lighthouses. That man was Captain Oliver Brooks. He kept the light going on Falkner’s Island, twelve miles off the Connecticut coast, on Long Island Sound. He had been a sea captain for many years before entering the lighthouse service, and his example and methods as a lighthouse keeper so improved the capability of all other keepers that he should have met with more substantial recognition from the Government than the expression of its regret and reluctance at parting with him, genuine and sincere as it must have been.

Falkner Island lies directly in the track of all vessels passing either in or out of the Sound, and if on any night its light should fail to catch the eye of the sailor on such vessels the consequences might be fearful to relate. The lighthouse is nearly 100 feet high, and its signal beams out on each of its eight sides every ninety seconds, a flash panel, operated by the most perfect clockwork machinery, contrived by Captain Brooks, revolving about the tower’s summit, with unvarying regularity. The sailor on watch knows whether his ship’s bearings are right when he sees that light, no matter in what direction the vessel may be going or coming. It is like no other beacon in the range of the sailor’s vision, and Falkner is his guide and hope as long as it can be seen.

“A thousand dollars a year,” echoed the Secretary sarcastically, “why, we find 500 men within twenty-four hours who would jump at it. Good men, too,” he continued emphatically, seeing a look of incredulity upon his visitors’ faces.

“Look here,” he continued, pointing to the department register, “do you see this place, and this, and this?” indicating them as he spoke. “You will see that the emoluments of these offices fall below \$50 per annum in each case. Would you think that anybody would desire an appointment at so trifling a remuneration as that? No, of course, you don’t, and yet I have applications daily for them. It is true the applicants are not Americans. They are natives of the different countries in which these consular offices are situated. The men who want them are engaged in trade. The appointment would permit them to fly the American flag and invoke the protection of the American Government in the event of trouble. Several years ago the Consul General at one of the far eastern countries was paid \$50,000 for five consular agencies in his district. He did this without the consent of his Government, but he got the money just the same. You will see by the register that the fees at all five of the places scarcely foot up \$100 a year. The appointment carried with it, as I have said, the right to fly the American flag. It happened that the men in each case were bankers. The ruler of that country had the not unusual eastern fashion of sometimes levying a heavy tribute upon his rich subjects. Not unfrequently this tribute amounted to as much as the sum paid to the Consul General. The moment they represented the United States that moment they were free men so far as coercion from their ruler went. They paid high for their immunity, but it undoubtedly was a good investment.

“I trust, gentlemen,” continued the Secretary, “that this brief illustration will show the futility of ever expecting a vacancy in the consular service, no matter how unimportant the position may be. Sometimes the incumbent dies or is dismissed—sometimes, I say. But I can assure you in all seriousness that he never, never resigns.”

Changes of Plumage in Winter.

The Boston *Herald* says the cold hand of winter not only cuts down the late lingers flowers, and scatters the few last leaves upon the woodland path, but leaves the white prints of icy fingers on the very plumage of the birds. The feathers of some, such as the snow bunting, touch lightly here and there with a few flakes of snow.

Others, like the ptarmigan, whose sober coloring has all through the summer matched so well the browns and grays of the heather and the lichen of her home among the mountains, clothe with a dress as white as the very snow-drift which enwraps her winter home. The ptarmigan is with us a Highland bird. In other countries, where not strictly Arctic in its range, it frequents mountainous districts, generally at a great height above the sea-level.

Captain Brooks’s workshop was another curious sight at Falkner Island light house. He was an expert in electricity, light and sound, and the results of his experiments in determining the power of luminants, the reflection and refraction of light under certain conditions of the atmosphere, and many other subjects of importance to the service, were from time

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have a consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,  
**T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.**

Hot north winds in the day and hard frosts at night are peculiarities of the present winter on parts of the Pacific coast.

#### ITCHING PILLS.

**Symptoms**—Moisture, intense itching and stinging, worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. **SWAYNE'S OINTMENT** stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. Equally efficacious in curing skin Diseases. Dr. SWAYNE, Philadelphia. Sent by mail for 50cts. Also sold by druggists.

N. E. Three

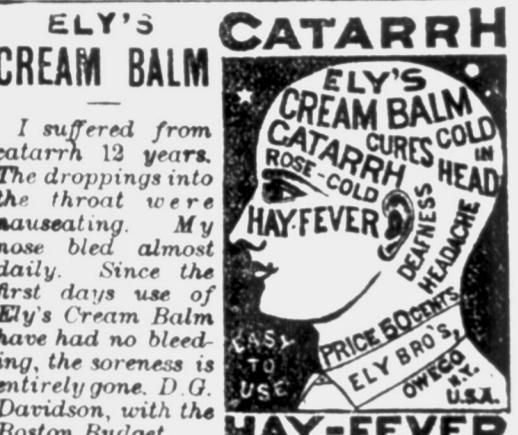
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Are predicted with reliable accuracy, and people liable to the pangs and aches of rheumatism dread every change to damp or stormy weather. Although we do not claim Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a positive specific for rheumatism, the remarkable cures it has effected show that it may be taken for rheumatism with reasonable certainty of benefit. Its action in neutralizing the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of rheumatism, constitutes the secret of the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in curing this complaint. If you suffer from rheumatism, give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial; we believe it will do you good. Be sure to get

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#### HEART

Disease is caused by the inactivity of the kidneys. Hunt's Remedy, taken, a tablespoonful in a wine glass of water three times a day, will prevent and cure. Sold by all apothecaries and dealers.

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When I am cured, I do not mean merely to stop fits for a time, and then have them return again. I mean radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICK, a life-long trouble, disappear in many cases, and others have failed in no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send an order for a transcript and a Free Booklet, "How to Cure Fits," and a Transcript and a Free Booklet, "How to Cure Epilepsy." Address, F. G. DOUGLASS, M. D., 162 Franklin Street, New York.

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## THE MIRAGE.

They tell us what when weary travelers deem They view through quivering heat across the sand. Great rocks for shadow in a weary land, And clustering palms, and, fairer yet, the gleam Where smiles in light to laugh in sound the stream. This is no work of some enchanter's wand, But that reflected here true visions stand Of far off things that close beside them seem. So, worn with life's hot march, when near at hand A happier world we see upon us beam, Where death and parting need not be our theme, None there by toil forethought, by grief unmann'd, Prophets of science, hush your stern command. Oh! bid us not to hold it all a dream.—H. T. R. in the London Spectator.

## CLAD IN SHELLS OF STEEL.

Manner in which the Finest Armors Were Made by Skilled Artisans.

The finest armors were made from 1440 to 1460. They were marvels of suppleness, lightness and elegance. The iron shell was modeled on the body beneath it and followed every movement of the torso and limbs, protecting without confining them; the steel envelope had become individual and was, like hose and jerkin, made for its wearer, instead of the clumsy greaves of the Fourteenth century, made to fit any man.

In these leg pieces, carefully articulated at the thigh and above the knee, personal peculiarities appear—legs slightly bowed and more or less heavily muscled at the calf; in the flexible corselet the body enjoyed comparative freedom; under the armet or round helmet the head turned easily; the pointed toes of the sollerets could be unfastened in a moment if the knight was obliged to dismount; the gauntlets were as supple as silk gloves, and the weight of the whole armor, composed of very thin plates of well tempered steel, was so carefully distributed that it appeared comparatively light. This armor, molded on the forms of the body beneath it, composed of polished steel, was the "white harness" so often mentioned by the chroniclers. In France it was worn without ornament, but the Italians decorated it with lions' heads and antique masks; a little later the armors of Nuremberg, then very popular in France, introduced fluted steel—it was stronger, not heavier, and offered more resistance to lance thrusts than the smooth metal. Many beautiful specimens remain of this Maximilian armor, as it was called.

No further progress was possible; comparative lightness, resistance, convenience and elegance of form had been attained. After this time the shape of helmet and corselet was varied according to individual caprice or the latest fashion, and the steel was gilded and ornamented; but armor, having attained its complete development, steadily declined.—Scribner's Magazine.

## An Interesting Exhibition.

Parisians will soon have an exhibition of a rather novel and highly interesting kind. This will be what is called an "Exposition de Chirurgie," or a collection of all the best caricatures which have been produced in France since the beginning of the present century. All the celebrities from Bonaparte to Boulanger will, it is expected, figure therein. Foremost among the caricaturists will be Philipon, who founded the Charivari, and when tried for having disseminated the traits of his majesty the "citizen king" under the appearance of "pear," asked his accusers how he could help the resemblance between the royal face and the horticultural object in question. Neither will the committee forget those pictorial Pasquines of Paris—Robert Macaire and Bertrand, who were also created by the lively pencils of M. Philipon and his joyous companions. More modern caricaturists will be represented in the forthcoming exhibition by Daumier, Gavarni, "Cham," Gill, Nadar and Caran d'Ache, who is fast becoming famous.—Home Journal.

## A Mexican Kitchen.

A typical Mexican kitchen has neither stove, table, chair nor cupboard, the clean swept clay floor, an adobe shelf against the wall and a few hooks and pegs answering every purpose. In the houses of the rich an adobe range is built into the wall, which is really a long, narrow box, made of sun baked clay and partitioned off into little compartments, within each of which a handful of charcoal may be consumed. The middle classes use a big clay jar or pot in lieu of a range, in which charcoal is also burned, while the poor have "all outdoors" for a kitchen, and build their tiny fire of sticks wherever it is most convenient. The cooking utensils are seldom of iron, because here that metal is very scarce and dear, but earthen pots are almost universally used, instead of the kettles and frying pans to which northern housekeepers are accustomed. It seems incredible that a dinner of several courses can be prepared over a charcoal pot not much larger than a peck measure, the various edibles all cooked in smaller pots set within it.—Philadelphia Record.

## Japan's Coast Defense.

The people of Japan have made voluntary subscriptions of \$2,100,000, some \$600,000 more than was desired, to the coast defense fund. The sum in excess of that called for will be used in the manufacture of cannon, that industry having been recently established in Japan, at the Osaka arsenal. They are already experimenting with the new Italian composition metal in casting guns.—Frank Leslie's.

## A Costly Sewing Machine.

A sewing machine of solid silver and enriched with sapphires was recently received by the empress of Russia. It was a present from the Society for Promoting the Use of Russian Materials. The czarina has taken great interest in this organization. Her enthusiasm, however, will not cause her to use the sewing machine in all probability.—New York World.

## Game in Tennessee.

There is still plenty of big game left in the wilder portions of Tennessee. A party of five sportsmen who recently spent a few days hunting in Dyer county bagged sixteen deer and one bear. They say that if they had given all their time to hunting deer they could have killed fifty.—Chicago Herald.

## FAKIRS ON THE BOWERY.

The Many Ways Whereby They Trick the Credulous Multitude.

The Bowery on the open street is the natural home of the fakir, and the holiday season is his harvest time. People go there to be deceived and they come away satisfied with the deception. Those knowing ones among the frequenters of the street laugh at the greeny whose dimes and dollars they have gathered in, and in an hour or two afterward skin fare, policy or a neighboring bucket shop has cleaned these very knowing ones out of their last cent.

The bitter cold wind of night sent its sharp gusts sweeping up along the street, and it was not a pleasant night on which to lounge along from Chatham square to Cooper institute. But the boys and girls were out in force and the east side had on part of its holiday clothes. On nearly every corner was the irrepressible fakir, and in front of him the always seen open mouthed crowd of gadding women and wonder chinned men. How the glib told stories rolled out from the quick lips of the sharp eyed operator, as he rung in here and there the well timed praises of the articles they were to be gulled into buying.

At the intersection of Canal street and the Bowery, a few yards from Pythagoras hall, a big frowsy, red eyed fellow, with a face like a shark, was the attraction. Stuffing his capacious mouth full of cotton he chewed it with a gusto that seemed to bespeak long fasting, and touching a light to it breathed out flames until his head seemed like a veritable Vesuvius in eruption. And then he sold a tooth paste that he solemnly assured the crowd would make the blackest teeth pearly white. He pulled up an open mouthed street arab with teeth upon which the grass could grow, and in the light of an old torch wiped them into a whiteness that shone through the night. How could the crowd know that the enamel on those teeth had been destroyed—and most of them would hardly have cared, for they poured their stock of dimes into the dirty hand that was stretched out for them and grabbed for the acid powder that was to destroy their molars.

Across the street from him was the blacking fakir, and his forte lay in his lightning winged tongue and his political speeches to the men who crowded about him. The headquarters of the Knights of Labor in Pythagoras hall were not fifty feet away from him, and the fakir gathered in the horny handed toilers and their money. He declaimed against the tyranny of capital, and holding an old shoe in his hand, showed how his blacking could make it shine. He spoke of the oppressed workingman, and rung in the declaration that the laborer who went with unshining shoes when union making was being peddled on a freezing night at five cents a box was an enemy to his kind.

Did he sell many boxes? Well, rather. And what difference did it make to the honest toiler who wanted to help the poor fellow, to find that the bottom of the big looking box was hollow and the alighted blacking only soot and water?

Just off the corner of Broome and Bowery, near enough to catch the crowd of thrifty housewives with their loaded baskets, the fruit fakir had their stands. Loud mouthed, hoarse throated, dirty faced and reckless, they are the most lawless of the peddler gang on the Bowery.

"Rosy apples—yea you are, ten cents a pail—only a few more left—take 'em right along," and the cheapness tempts the economical matron, though every woman on the east side will tell you that a peddler is a thief. She approaches with the air of a woman who knows she is dealing with a dangerous character. She handles the apples, the top ones in the pail look nice enough and she concludes to purchase. Then comes in the nice work of the adept fruit fakir. He seizes the pail and into the open basket of the watching woman he pours the apples, and with a sudden twist of his hand throws the pail into the farthest part of the wagon. She has seen no faking and yet she is hardly half satisfied that she has not been cheated. But she knows it when she gets home and counts her apples.

Was the pail full? Certainly, but the two last layers of apples in the bottom of the pail had been pressed in so tightly that they would not drop out, and all she received for her ten cents was the loose fruit above these two layers.

Along above Spring street, in front of a big dime museum, with flaming pictures that caught the gaping strollers, a flinty eyed fellow, with a scraggy beard, stood out in the mud and told stories that made even some of the Bowery rounders raise their eyes. But the boys liked them and the wide eyed girls, with cropped hair and short skirts, laughed as loud as the fellows, and the fun was fast and furious.

Of course he had something to ring in upon them, and they all knew it; so when he pulled out his patent wash that would turn brass into a color so golden that an expert could not detect the difference, he made some sales, though the purchasers laughed half sheepishly as they turned over their dimes. But when he took the brass wash of a fellow with checker board pants and, rubbing the wash over it, held it up to view glistening like gold in the glare of the electric light, his sales increased, and the girls were the biggest purchasers. They didn't know, and they would hardly have cared if they did, that the bottle the fakir handled them was not at all like the open one he held in his hand, and that even if it were the tinsel color would fade away in fifteen minutes.

So the money went all along the Bowery. To the fakir on the street corner, to the blind beggar on the other, who kept one eye on his tin cup lest the thieving gamins of the gutter would steal the charitable pennies that were dropped into it; to the grimy old woman mendicant, who told the tale of her starving family and spent her gatherings at every alternate saloon; to the dime museums, with their terrible pictures and their puffy faced outside man extolling the beauties of the ten cent show inside—to everything that the boys and the girls, the men and the women, the rounders and the newcomers knew to be fake.

But there is fun occasionally in being deceived, and on the Bowery it only costs ten cents to feel that some man is worse than oneself—for what can be less honest than a Bowery fakir!—New York Graphic.

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St.

## The Chinese Six Companies.

"The Chinese empire," said my informant, "is divided into numerous provinces, over which the central government at Pekin exercises but little direct authority outside of the collection of the revenues. These subdivisions of the empire are under the despotic control of magistrates, or mandarins. The people of the different provinces speak peculiar dialects and are exceedingly clannish. Upon the opening of emigration to this country the representatives of different sections of the Chinese empire formed six companies, known as the Keong Chow, Sam Yup, Keong Wo, Ning Yeong, Hop Wo and Yen Wo.

"These six companies were first organized for benevolent purposes, and did worthy work in the early days of Chinese immigration by providing their people with the necessities of life until employment could be obtained for them. During latter days, however, they have almost ceased their benevolent work, and their function now is the adjudication of the personal differences of the members of the companies. They act in place of the courts of the state. When a Chinaman has a grievance he reports it to his company, who in turn reports the case to the officials of the six companies. A committee of residents of Chinatown is selected, to whom the matter is left for arbitration."—Chicago Herald.

## Banker and Depositor.

It is generally supposed that banks are eager to receive deposits from all sources and pay little attention to the character of the depositor, provided they get their money. This is a very great mistake. Good banks are not in the habit of opening accounts with every man who wants to deposit without knowing something of their customers' business methods. It is almost as hard to become a depositor in some of the strong eastern banks as it is to get a position in one of them, and the depositor must come highly recommended before his money is accepted. The fact is, the relation between a banker and his depositor is a confidential one, and the banker cannot afford to have tricky or dishonest patrons whom he knows he must watch all the time. He would rather let them keep their money and have nothing to do with them.—Globe-Democrat.

"He jests at scars who never felt a wound," and a man may stand with his hands in his pockets and laugh at a poor, worn rheumatic, but if he is a gentleman, he'll step into the nearest apothecary shop and buy him a bottle of Salvation Oil at the small expense of only twenty-five cents.

## As tall as Mamma.

"You must remember, my daughter, you are only a little girl. I can't think of letting you wear long dresses yet."

"But, mamma, I am as tall as you are."

"Is that possible?"

They measure.

"Sure enough, my child, you are. How fortunate! Now you can hang out the washing just as well as I can."—Chicago News.

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## Bridge Over the Channel.

A scheme for the erection of a bridge over the English channel is in active consideration among French capitalists and engineers. The projected bridge would be twenty-two miles long, resting on piers of concrete and masonry 160 feet long by 100 broad, placed at intervals of 500 yards. The causeway of the bridge would be 170 feet above the sea level, to permit the passage of ships, and would be 100 feet wide. The estimated cost is \$200,000,000. It appears that the channel is not so deep as generally supposed. There are shallows out from Folkestone not over twenty feet from the surface, the depth from these shallows to the shore on either side varying from 100 to 160 feet.—New York Press.

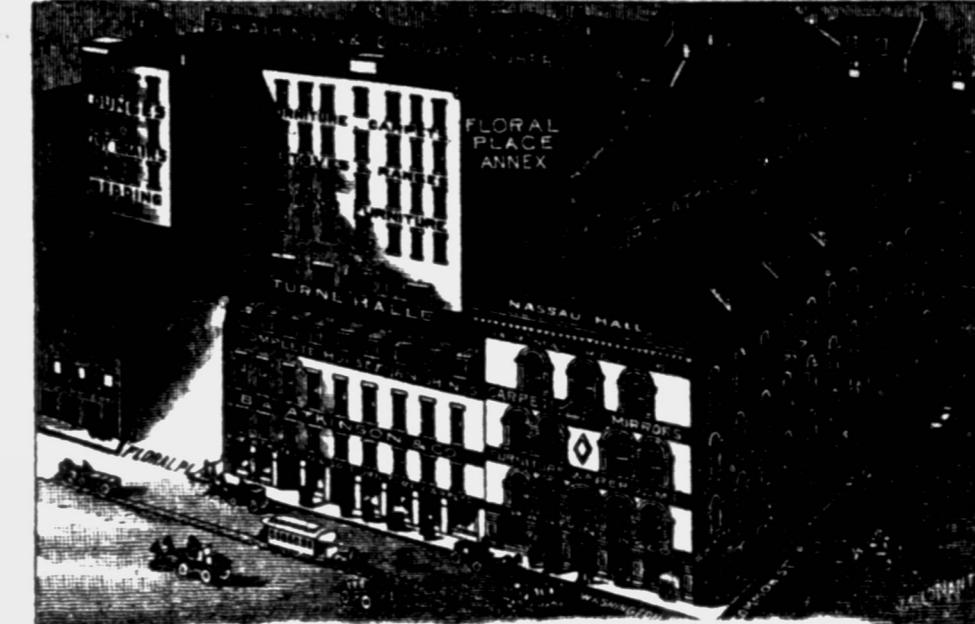
## Foot and Meter.

According to Mr. M. G. Ravenstein, the English foot is used as the standard of length by countries having 471,000,000 inhabitants, the meter by 347,000,000 people and the Castilian foot by 5,905,000. Denmark and Russia are the only countries in continental Europe which have not adopted the meter.—Arkansas Traveler.

## Not a Drop to Drink.

At least there is one locality in the wide world where prohibition prevails, and that is on the waters of the North sea. By an agreement recently entered into by the powers of Europe, the sale of liquor to fishermen and sailors in that sea is prohibited.—Atlanta Constitution.

When the eyes become weak or the lids inflamed and sore, a disordered system or a scorbutic condition of the blood is indicated, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy. It invigorates and vitalizes the blood and expels all humor.



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Customers living in the States, of Mass., R. I. or Conn., who buy \$50 worth of goods, are allowed fares to Boston for one person.

Customers who live in the above States, who buy \$100 worth of goods, are allowed fares both ways for one person.

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A 7-PIECE HAIR CLOTH PARLOR SUITE, prime quality goods, first-class work, including a beautiful large Smyrna rug. This rug alone sells for \$60. We will sell the parlor suite for \$35.00.

A CRUSHED PLUSH PARLOR SUITE, 7 pieces complete, in one color or a combination of colors, walnut or mahogany finish, includes a suite of four chairs, a sofa, a large rug, etc. This suite, at the price, is one of the special bargains in our store. \$50.00.

AN EMBOSSED PLUSH PARLOR SUITE, 7 pieces complete, either in one color or a combination of colors, \$40.00.

DINING-ROOM, DESKS, SIDEBOARDS, MIRRORS, CLOCKS, CABINETS, ETC.

DESKS, SIDEBOARDS, MIRRORS, CLOCKS, CABINETS, ETC.

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OUR LOG CHAMBER SET, at the price, cannot be bought for \$10.00.

OUR SOLID ASH CHAMBER SET is something which we claim to hold the lead in anything of the kind in this city. By the way, see and see it. \$15.00.

OUR SOLID BLACK WALNUT CHAMBER SET, marble tops, with landscape glass, 10 pieces complete.

With this set for the present we shall also include an English toilet set, and the price for all only \$35.00.

THE ABOVE ARE OUR LEADERS. IN ADDITION WE HAVE A COMPLETE LINE OF CHAMBER FURNITURE IN NEW ENGLAND, comprising all kinds and styles of pine, ash, cherry, walnut, mahogany, etc., at prices which WE KNOW are far below what the same grades of goods are offered for elsewhere.

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A SINGLE OVEN RANGE, all ware and pipe complete, only \$14.00.

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Solid Base Stand Lamps..... 1.00 up.

Hanging Lamps, from..... 1.00 up.

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